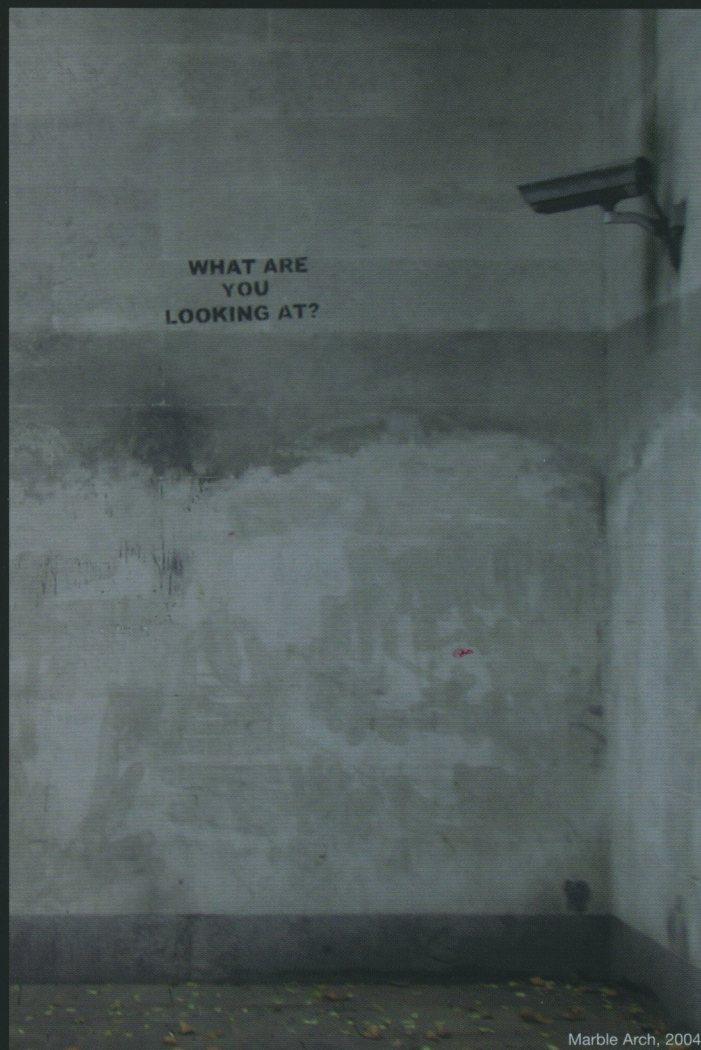


**CUT
IT
OUT**

BANKSY



A photograph of a tunnel entrance at night. A car is driving away from the viewer into the tunnel, which is illuminated by a long line of lights along the wall. To the right, a concrete pillar is covered in graffiti, including the words "ITS NOT A RACE" in red and a black and white cat illustration. The overall scene is dark and atmospheric.

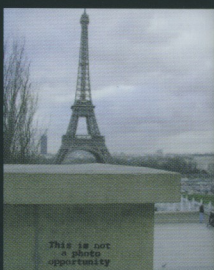
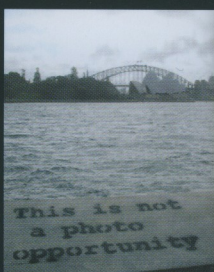
The Human Race

The human race is an unfair and stupid competition. A lot of the runners don't even get decent sneakers or clean drinking water.

Some people are born with a massive head start, every possible help along the way and still the referees seem to be on their side.

It's not surprising some people have given up competing altogether and gone to sit in the grandstand, eat junk food and shout abuse.

What we need in this race is a lot more streakers.



**The anger management
is not working**

Trafalgar Square, Sydney Harbour, Westbourne Park, Oxford Circus, Birmingham Bullring,
Carnaby Street, Paris, Liverpool Lime Street, Brick Lane, Shoreditch, Berlin, Central Line London.



Hackney, London 2004

Broken window theory

In the 1980's Criminologists James Q Wilson and George Kelling developed a theory of criminal behaviour that became known as the 'Broken Window Theory'. They argued crime was the inevitable result of disorder, that if a window in a building is smashed and not repaired people walking by will think no-one cares, more windows will be broken, graffiti will appear and rubbish get dumped. The likelihood of serious crime being committed then increases dramatically as neglect becomes visible. The researchers believed there was a direct link between vandalism, street violence and the general decline of society. This theory was the basis of the infamous New York City crime purge of the early nineties and the zero-tolerance attitude to graffiti.

Letter received to Banksy website

I dont know who you are or how many of you there are but i am writing to ask you to stop painting your things where we live. In particular XXXXXX road in Hackney. My



brother and me were born here and have lived here all our lives but these days so many yuppies and students are moving here neither of us can afford to buy a house where we grew up anymore. Your graffiti's are undoubtedly part of what makes these wankers think our area is cool. You're obviously not from round here and after you've driven up the house prices you'll probably just move on. Do us all a favour and go do your stuff somewhere else like Brixton.

daniel (name and address not withheld)

HAVE A NICE DAY

FRANCO'S FISH & CHIPS
G
740171 253 7764
TAKEAWAY

Ring road (W)
(A1, A400, A41)

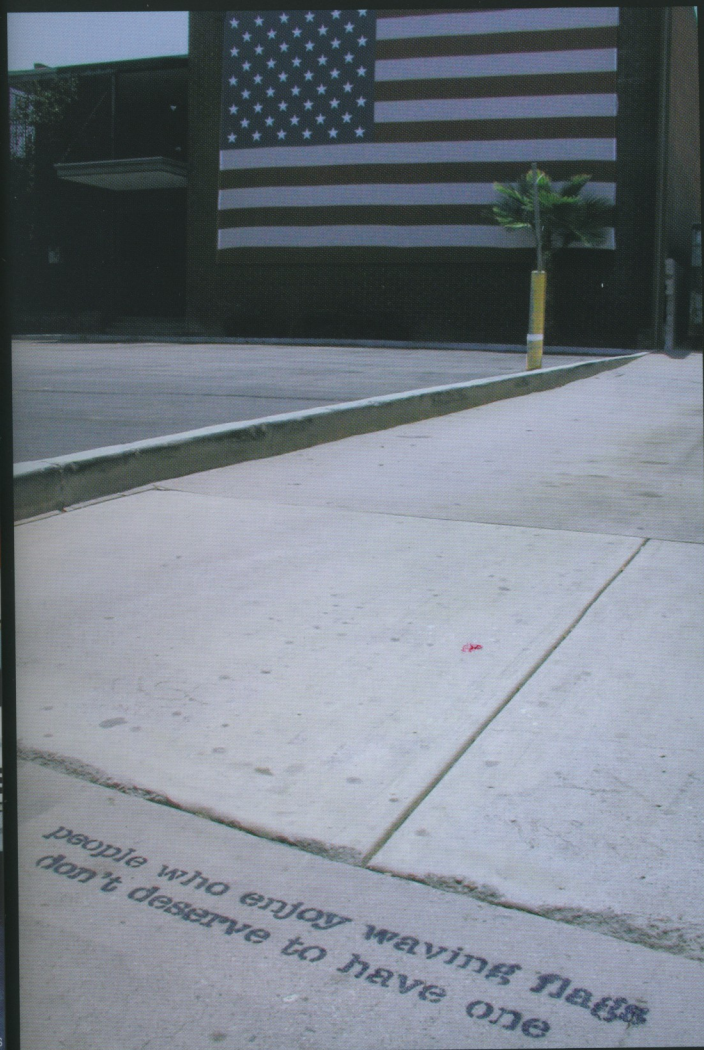
The City
West End
Holborn

Unofficial war artist

Bloodthirsty people
should bite their tongues



Parliament Square, Clerkenwell



Take it to the bridge



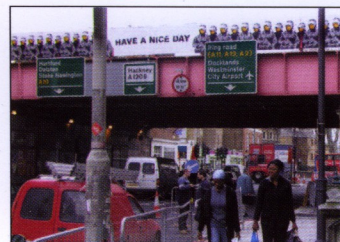
Shoreditch Bridge, 2003-2004

We're on a bridge facing Shoreditch police station, home to the S019 firearms unit, putting up a seventy foot wide bank of riot cops brandishing shooters with smiley faces. In a window of an office overlooking the bridge is a bloke working at a computer so we have to work quietly.

After twenty minutes we've reached the part of the bridge very near the offices and I realise the bloke is at the window, cupping his hands to his eyes and squinting out. He's clocked what's going and opens the window shouting "Hey, Hey!" I wonder if he works for the magistrates court attached to the police station and start to pack up the kit.

"I want a word with you" he shouts through the gap in the window "About what?" I say, collapsing the brush and stepping back, we're nearly ready to roll.

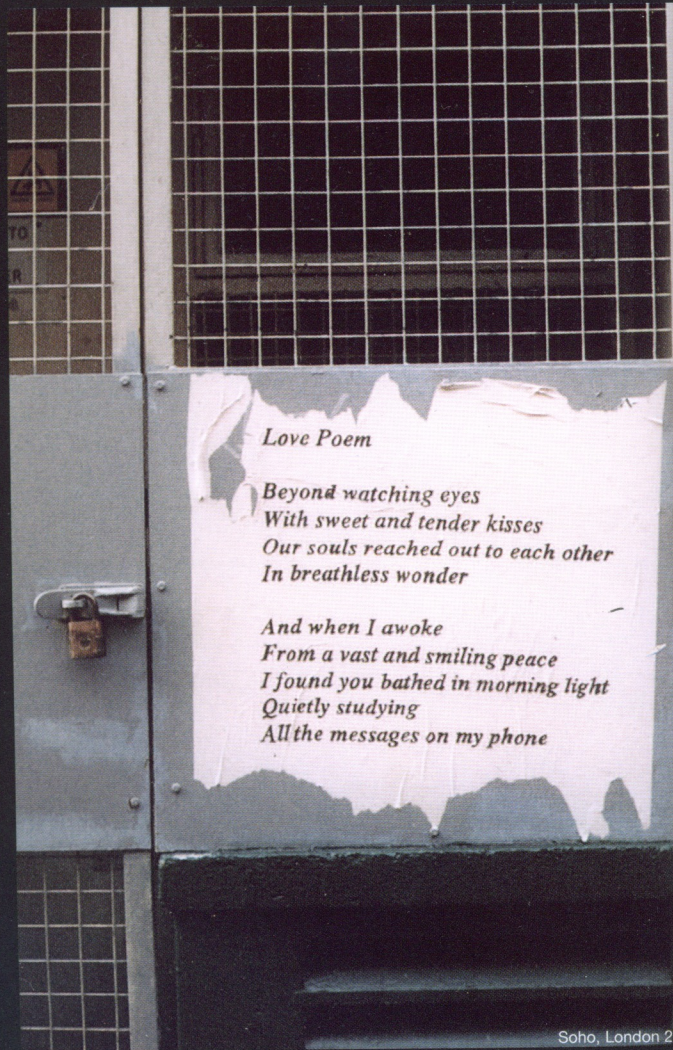
There's a pause. "Well, you see, I'm making a documentary about street culture and I'd like you to be in it..." We burst out laughing and shout in unison "Fucking Shoreditch," finish the piece and leave before he has a chance to get his camera out.



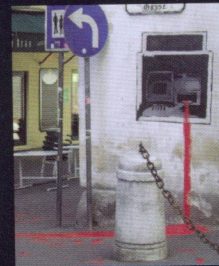
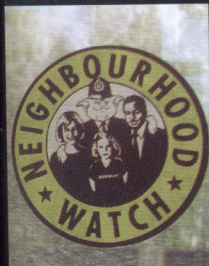
When the time comes to leave, just walk
away quietly and don't make any fuss



FIGHT THE FIGHTER,
NOT
THEIR WARS



Soho, London 200



Barcelona, Hackney, Melbourne, Stanstead, Brighton, Vienna, Aldgate, Vauxhall, Vienna

Bristol Fashion

One night I painted the side of Bristol's new harbour bridge with a message about the slave trade which got painted over within six hours of daybreak. Afterwards I made the slowest getaway in criminal history splashing through the darkness in a tiny rowing boat before stopping off to paint my name on the side of the Thekla, a floating nightclub in a big rusty boat.



A few weeks later the Harbour manager contacted the owners to say he'd toured the docks with some City councillors and they had ordered the removal of the graffiti because it was damaging the harbourside's image. The boat held a questionnaire amongst clubbers to see whether they should keep the piece, but while votes were still being counted the harbour master covertly painted it out himself. Legal proceedings against him for unauthorised criminal damage were drawn up by the owners.

I went back and dropped a grim reaper in a rowing boat on the same spot in the hope we can lure him out and go for a full custodial sentence this time.



As soon as you meet someone
you know the reason you will leave them

Fake sign glued into St. James' Park, next to Buckingham Palace 2004. Became an unlikely collaboration with the Metropolitan Police who made it look far more realistic by stationing a community support officer on the bridge nearby telling people not to be alarmed. Lasted 22 hours.





Pest Modernism

Today's featured strategy – overwhelming force



People say painting graffiti doesn't change anything but the GLA committee found that "house prices can drop by as much as ten per cent in badly affected areas" so it's worth bearing in mind if you want to get on the property ladder



I'd been painting rats for three years before someone said "That's clever, it's an anagram of art" and I had to pretend I'd known that all along.

Natural history



According to its promotional material the Natural History Museum in London contains over 70 million objects and adds a hundred thousand new pieces to its archives every year. You would assume that they wouldn't notice the addition of some new unsolicited specimens.

Label reads: "The *Banksus Militus Ratus* is a virulent pest that marks its territory with a series of elaborate signs. Professor R. Langford of University College London states 'Laugh now but one day they may well be in charge'."

A second specimen remains somewhere in the collection.





Brandalism

People are taking the piss out of you everyday. They butt into your life, take a cheap shot at you and then disappear. They leer at you from tall buildings and make you feel small. They make flippant comments from buses that imply you're not sexy enough and that all the fun is happening somewhere else. They are on TV making your girlfriend feel inadequate. They have access to the most sophisticated technology the world has ever seen and they bully you with it. They are The Advertisers and they are laughing at you.

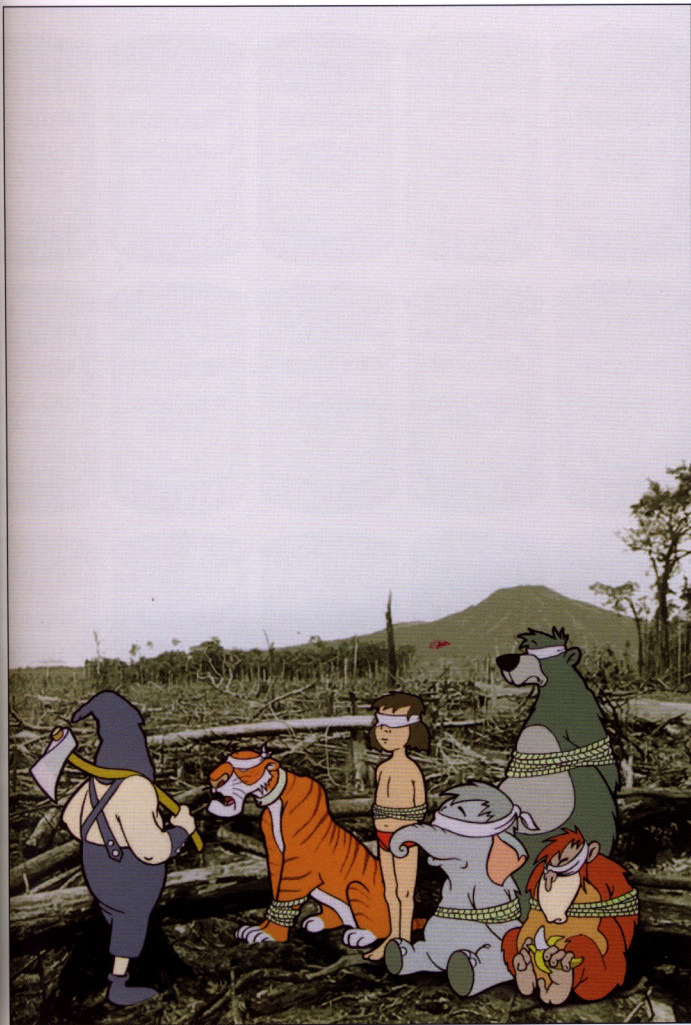
You, however, are forbidden to touch them. Trademarks, intellectual property rights and copyright law mean advertisers can say what they like wherever they like with total impunity.

Fuck that. Any advert in public space that gives you no choice whether you see it or not is yours. It's yours to take, re-arrange and re-use. You can do whatever you like with it. Asking for permission is like asking to keep a rock someone just threw at your head.

You owe the companies nothing. Less than nothing, you especially don't owe them any courtesy. They owe you. They have re-arranged the world to put themselves in front of you. They never asked for your permission, don't even start asking for theirs.



One day in September



Poster for Greenpeace campaign against deforestation





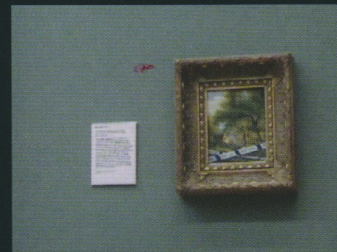
Holborn, Naples, Moorgate, Stoke Newington



In a recent survey of American men 42% were found to over eat, 34% were critically overweight, 10% technically obese and 8% ate the survey



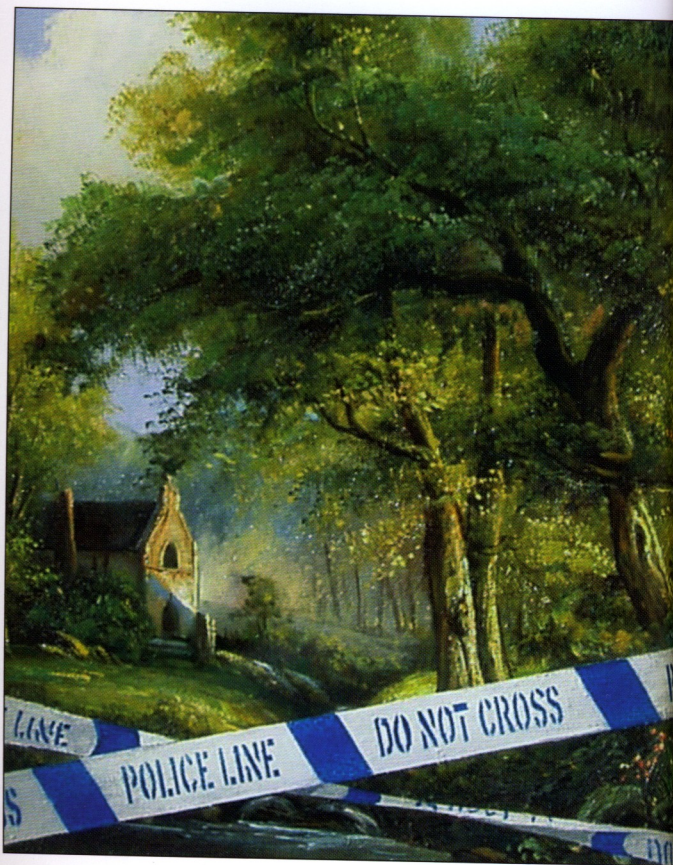
Making an exhibition of yourself



"Banksy the street artist best known for daubing buildings and dustbins with graffiti outside the Tate Gallery has had his 'art' installed on its walls inside. For a few hours anyway. Artwork being considered for display at Tate Britain usually undergoes a rigorous process of nomination.

But under heavy disguise, Banksy bypassed the lengthy process by sneaking his work on the wall of Room 7 when no one was looking. The 'fake' was discovered only when it crashed to the floor hours later."

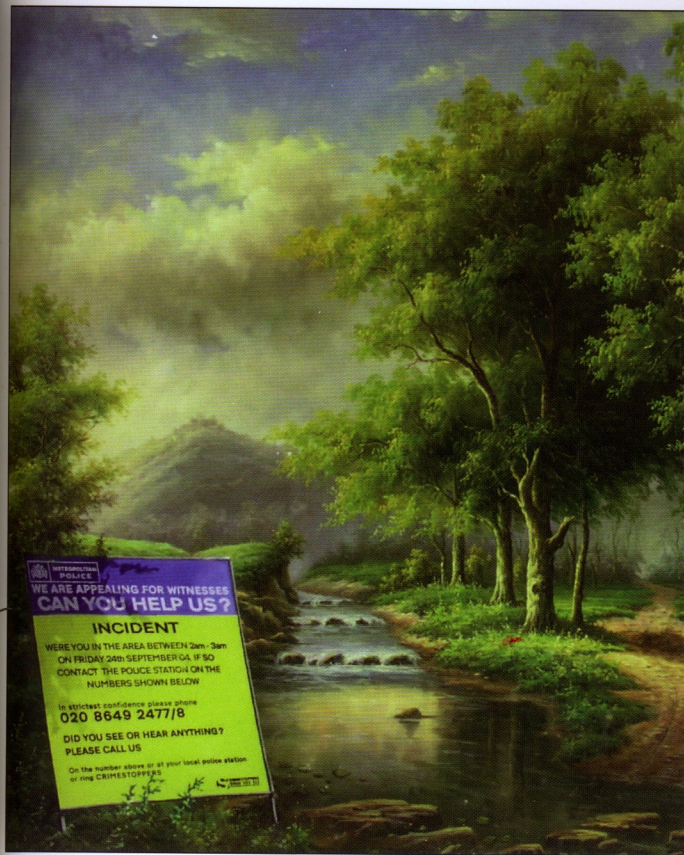
The Independent 18th October 2003



Museum plaque reads:

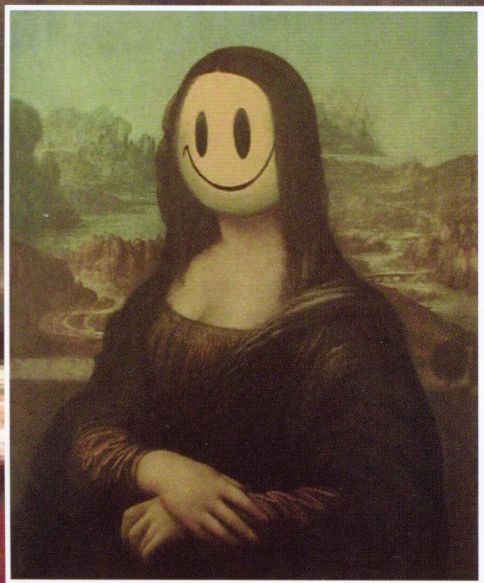
Grimewatch UK has ruined the countryside for all of us 2003
Oil on canvas

"This new acquisition is a beautiful example of the neo post-idiotic style. The Artist has found an unsigned oil painting in a London street market and then stenciled Police incident tape over



the top. It can be argued that defacing such an idyllic scene reflects the way our nation has been vandalised by its obsession with crime and paedophilia, where any visit to a secluded beauty spot now feels like it may result in being molested or finding discarded body parts."

Presented by the artist personally 2003



My sister threw away loads of my drawings when I was a kid and when I asked her where they were she shrugged and said "Well it's not like they're ever gonna be hanging in the Louvre is it?"

Installation in the Louvre, Paris 2004

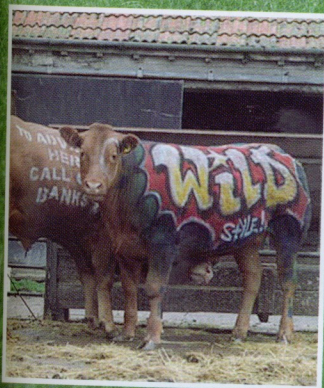


archy in the West Center

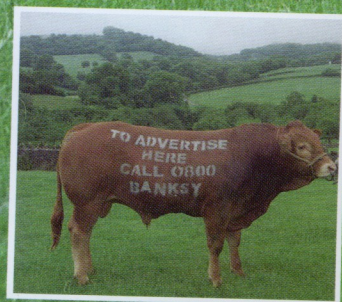
**Suicide bombers
just need a hug**



Anarchy in the West Country



We didn't have subway cars to paint on where I grew up, but they did all carry shotguns.



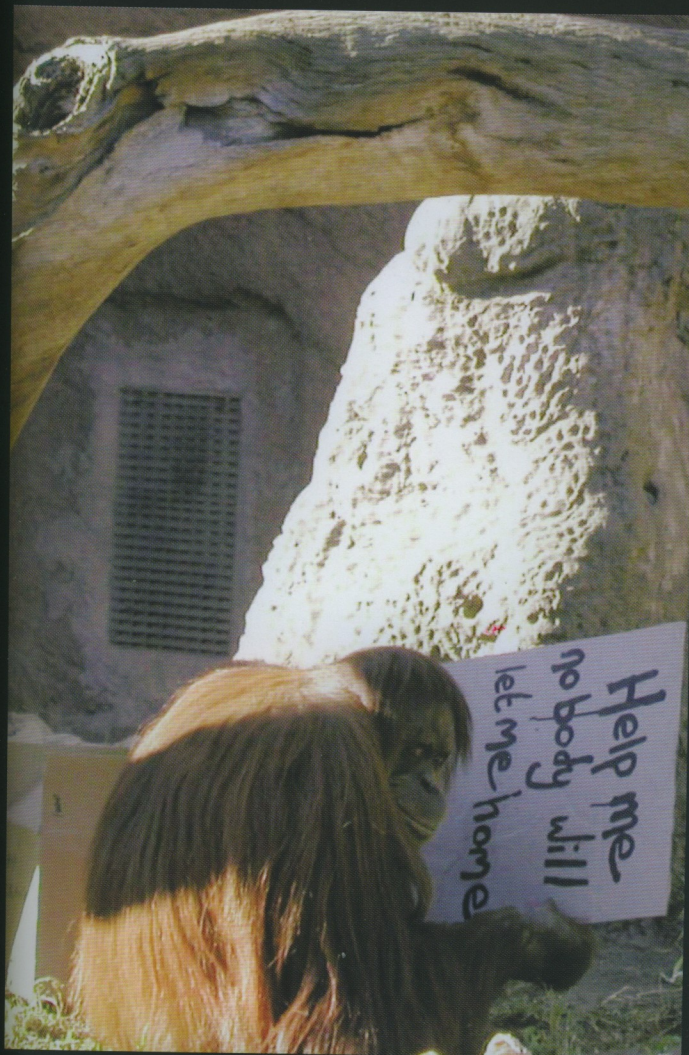
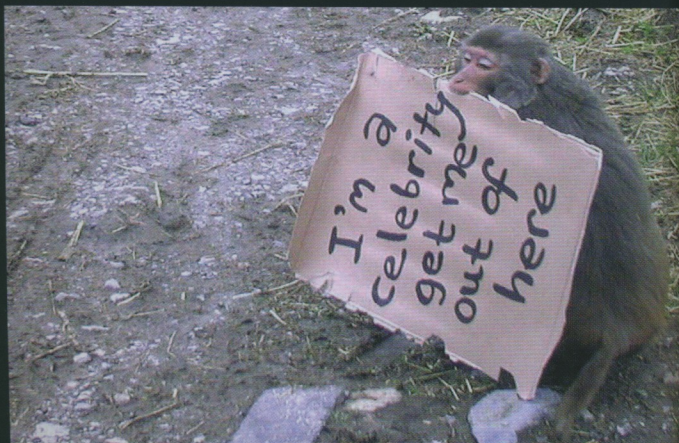
The zoo

The problem with painting graffiti in Zoos is that it's slightly too effective. They tend to get rid of it as soon as possible. I'd had enough when the rope ladder into the Chimpanzee enclosure at Sydney Zoo snapped and I fell into the moat getting a mouthful of monkey piss. By 10am the next morning the words "Please help me get out of here I am the victim of a cruel scientific experiment...I am not a monkey...somebody do something" had been completely painted over.

The solution was to write stuff on cardboard and throw it into the enclosures when no-one was looking. Then you just sit back and listen to the explanation parents give as their kids ask "Why don't we just let them go home if they want to, mummy?"



Melbourne Zoo, Longleat Safari Park





Birds

Mindless vandalism can take a bit of thought.

When graffiti first started it was about getting noticed. But with inflation 'getting noticed' is worth almost nothing these days. Now you have to be a genuine nuisance if you want to get along.

Portobello Road, Euston,
Clapham Common



McDonalds is stealing our children

Dressed up as Ronald McDonald and attached a floating child to a lamppost in Piccadilly Circus.
Lasted for nine hours until she lost pressure and was hit by a bus.

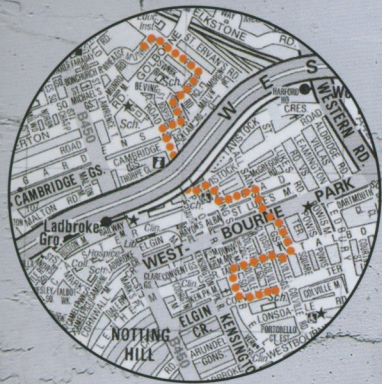


There's a famous story about a hobo who hitch hiked the freight trains across the Australian outback many years ago. He marked his trips by writing the word 'Eternity' everywhere he could in elaborate chalk handwriting. He wrote on so many train cars, bridges and pavements all across Australia that he became part of urban folklore.

In 1999 Sydney led the world celebrations for the arrival of a new millennium, and as the eyes of the world watched a spectacular firework display light up the harbour, at its very centre, spanning the length of its famous bridge was the word Eternity, spelt out in that same elaborate script by a thousand tiny little lights.

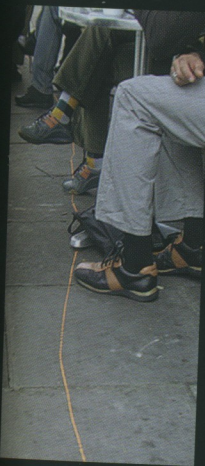
Fucking sell out.





Britain's longest painting*

* allegedly





It's going to take one very special lady, or a whole load of average ones, to get over you.



On a Tuesday night in the summer I tried to paint a train bridge that spans Portobello road in West London with posters showing the revolutionary leader Che Guevara gradually dribbling off the page. Every Saturday the market underneath the bridge sells Che Guevara T-shirts, handbags, baby bibs and button badges. I think I was trying to make a statement about the endless recycling of an icon by endlessly recycling an icon.

People seem to think if they dress like a revolutionary they don't actually have to behave like one.

I get up on the bridge about 4am. It's quiet and peaceful until two cars approach very, very slowly and park on the street. I stop pasting and watch from the side of the bridge through the bushes. After a few minutes there's no movement and I figure it's cool to carry on.

I reach the fifth poster when there's a huge bang and the sound of splitting wood. One of the cars has reversed back up the street and is now on the pavement, wedged in the doorway of the mobile phone shop. Six small figures in hoods with scarves over their faces run into the store throwing everything they can into black plastic bags. In less than a minute they're all back in their cars which scream down Portobello Road beneath me. I'm stood there with my mouth hanging open, a bucket in one hand and a sawn-off sweeping brush in the other. Being the only young male in sportswear within a mile of here I get the feeling things would look bad for me if I hang around so I drop the bucket, climb the barbed wire fence and jump to the street.

The area is full of cameras so I lower my head, pull my hood up and run like a bastard all the way to the canal. I imagine the kids are probably in Kilburn by now, lighting up a spliff and saying to each other "Why would someone just paint pictures of a revolutionary when you could actually behave like one instead?"



Recipe idea

Take one fire extinguisher and pour out all the contents. Mix down a nice bright emulsion paint to the consistency of full fat milk, stirring constantly to remove any lumps. Pour into the extinguisher, screw on cap tightly and write on things up to 50 feet high. Re-use by swapping over the CO₂ charged cannister (costs about one pound).

The perfect accompaniment to a night out drinking heavily with friends.





An illegal monument to the British talent for binge drinking and vandalising public property. The Drinker came with traffic cone already stuck on its head cast in bronze. Stayed for two months as council workers carefully cleaned it and scrubbed off the Banksy tag on the base. Then stolen.



Some mothers will do anything for their children,
except let them be themselves





Manifesto – Fear

King Joseph II of Austria was a small man who decided late in life he wanted history to remember him as a great military leader. To achieve this he assembled an army of Hungarian, Lombardian and Slovak peasants to bolster his small army and declared war on the Turks. The famously psychopathic Turks were offered a reward of ten gold ducats for every Austrian head presented to the governor.

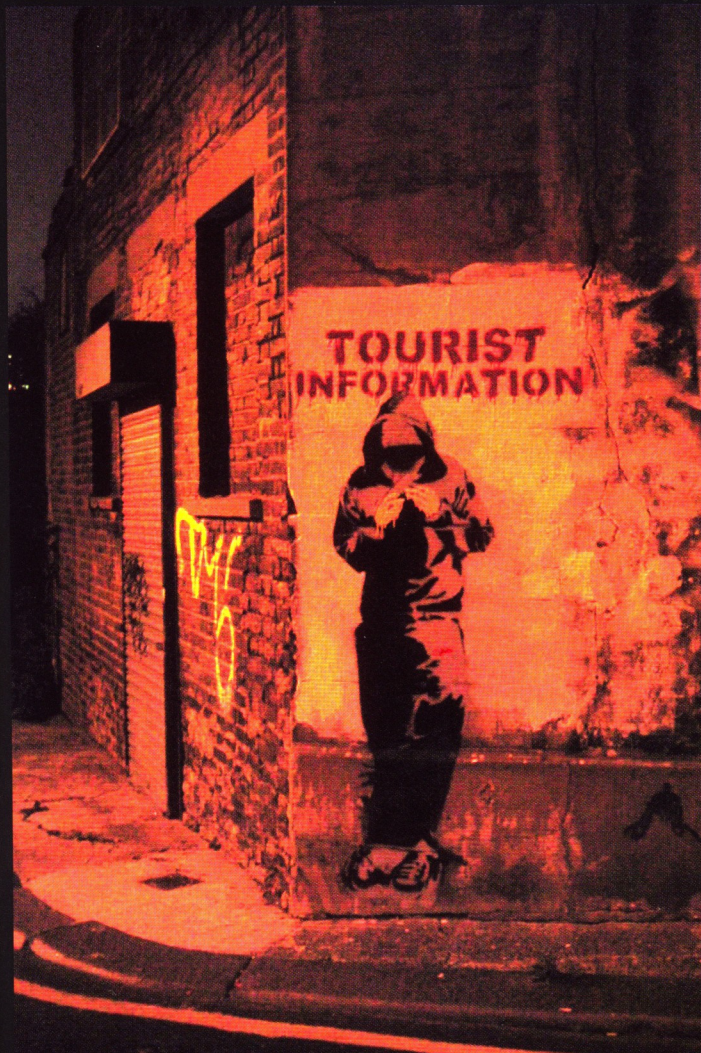
By September 19th 1788 the Austrians reached the Timis bridge at Karansebes and set up camp. An advanced party of Imperial hussars crossed the bridge where they found no Turks but a wagon camp of gypsy tradesmen who welcomed the riders and offered them schnapps and girls.

After several hours a company of foot soldiers followed and found the drunk Hussars jealously guarding the barrel of schnapps. In the ensuing grapple for a drink the Hussars pulled out their swords and a serious brawl began. Some of the Infantry attempted a ruse by shouting "The Turks! The Turks are coming!" which worked so well the drunk and frightened Hussars galloped back over the bridge to safety. A colonel tried to stop them by shouting orders to stay in position but his army of frightened young peasants spoke virtually no German and some mistook the shouts of "Halt! Halt! for "Allah! Allah!" and the shooting then began in earnest.

On the other side of the river the entire Austrian army had gone to sleep. They were suddenly awakened in total darkness by the sound of battle and cries of terror. Fenced off in the middle of the camp was a herd of carthorses who became frightened by the noise, knocked down their fence, and thundered off, making the sound of advancing cavalry. A corps commander mistook it for an attack and ordered his cannon to open fire. Unable to speak to each other through their varied ethnic dialects the returning soldiers were slaughtered as Turks. The drivers of the munitions wagons made good their escape and abandoned their field pieces. As the Army fled in terror houses were plundered, women raped and villages went up in flames.

Two days later the Grand Turk Vizier and his army arrived at Karansebes. They found no army but some 10,000 dead and wounded Austrians, each of whose heads they dutifully chopped off.

Source: Greatest Military Blunders of all Time



Your comments

Subject: pinch of salt wouldn't go a miss

Paint more and say less. I just can't believe how shallow your art is it's all on the surface and there's nothing underneath. from someone very important.



"...apparently Crimewatch UK has ruined the countryside for all of us." Nick Ross, Crimewatch UK

Banksy

Easy, I thought you should know that the old women in Waterstones seems to have a bit of a vendeta against your books. They've got 15 of them and they're all in the stock room. If you're ever in Cheltenham, do something to the Waterstones on the promanade so that the stupid old woman who works there might think twice about her logic. peace, carter

Banksy

Respect pigs motherfucker. Would you like i paint your fucking english milky face?
xxxxxx

Dear Banksy

I'm writing on behalf of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals not to complain about your 'Turf War' exhibit but to suggest a bit of collaboration. I wonder if you might be willing to design a stencil for PETA to

distribute to our more adventure-some activists? I hope to hear from you soon and thank you for your consideration.

Dawn Carr, Director

Banksy

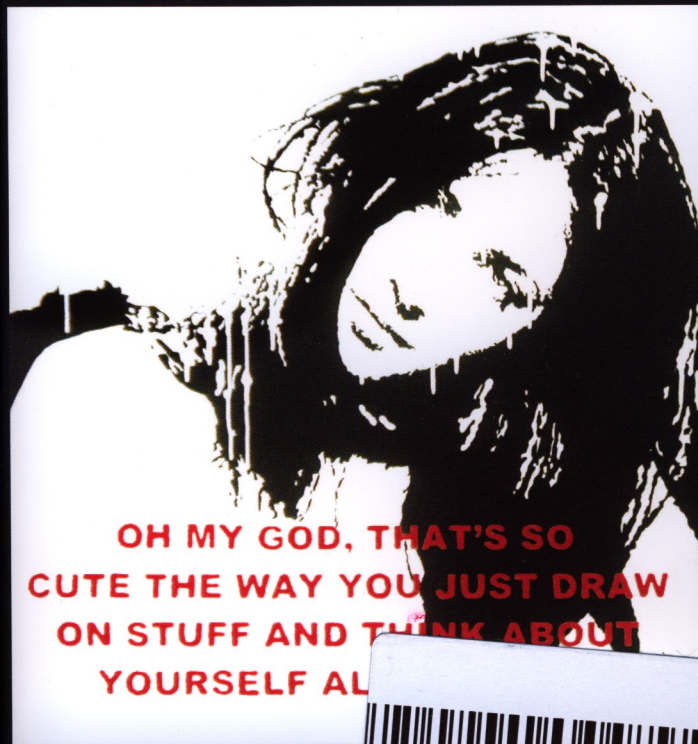
I don't know if you are responsible for the junky with wings by London Bridge but it's got your name next to it so I assume so. If you are then this is just a note to let you know some people appreciate what you do. Every day I walk my beautiful five-year-old daughter past the graffiti on her way to and from school. Her dad is sadly no longer with us because he couldn't overcome a very heavy drug habit. I haven't hidden this from her and now she always points at the picture and says that's her daddy. Thought you might like to know.
xxxxxx

Banksy

I went to the tate a week after u stuck up your picture to try and get it. they called the manager down to see if he new where it was but they said it had been claimed 2 days before by one of your mates they didnt seem to like you much the manager said (sarcastically) yes he took time out of his busy schedual of watching trisha and eating microwave meals at home to come down and pick it up. Slammanpeter



Southbank



Cut it out. Published by Banksy 2004
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Additional inspiration and assistance from:
Times, Crap Hound, Eine, H Farmer, theblackcountryprincess, Albarn, Pato

Dedicated to Casual T

